

DELL
Western
Adventure

MARCH

15¢

THE LONE RANGER

The Lone Ranger
risks his life
to stop illegal
trappers
and avert
Indian war!





DRAW LINCOLN

Contest prize: \$495.00 scholarship in commercial art

Draw Lincoln's head any size except a size that would look like a tracing. Use pencil. Everyone who enters this contest gets a professional estimate of his talent at no cost. Winner receives the complete art course given by Art Instruction, Inc., world's largest home study art school. This course begins with a grounding in the fundamentals of art. Advanced study covers the student's own choice of advertising art, illustrating, cartooning, or painting—or a combination of these specialized art fields. Illustrated art textbooks are supplied for both basic and advanced training. Students are taught, individually, by professional artists. Purpose of contest to uncover hidden talent. Entries for February 1981 contest due by February 28. Name returned. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Winner notified. Start on your drawing today!

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Please enter my drawing in your draw-a-head contest.
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Name _____ Age _____
Occupation _____ Art _____
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PUTTING HIS FEET FIRST TO AVOID HOLDING HIS HEAD ON THE ROCK-STUDDED RAPIDS, THE LONE RANGER DESPERATELY TRIES TO GUIDE THE CHARGE THROUGH THE MENACING PARTERS...





SOON AFTER, AS THEY PADDLE TOWARD THE
BEAVER LARVES...









WHERE WE GO?

I SEE THE PERFECT PLACE, TONYO! FOLLOW ME! WE'RE NOT RUNNING! WE'RE GOING TO HIDE!

MINUTES LATER...



BUT THEY ARE GONE!

THEY COME THIS WAY!



THEY MUST BE HIDING IN THE WOODS AHEAD! CHASE!



TRICK WORK, KEMO SABAY! THEY NOT SEE US HERE IN-SIDE BEAVER LODGE!

WE'RE LUCKY THAT BEAVERS ALWAYS BUILD THE TOP PART OF THEIR LODGE ABOVE THE WATER!



WE'LL GIVE THOSE BRAVES A FEW MORE MINUTES TO GO AWAY! THEN WE'LL LEAVE BY THE UNDER-WATER ENTRANCE! AND TRY TO LOCATE THE WHITE TRAPPERS!



SOON...

FOAT STICK! THAT MEAN TRAPPERS WORKING THIS LAKE, KEMO SABAY! WHEN BEAVER CAUGHT AND PULL TRAP, THEN FIND-UM BY SEEING WHERE FOAT-STICK GO!

THAT TRAP BE LOW! MEANS THEY'LL BE BACK TO CHECK IT!





NEXT MORNING...







THE TELLTALE BRAND

LIFE IS SOO EASY WHEN YOU MEET THE LONE RANGER

SOPE THAT
REVERICK!



I'LL GET HIM,
TOMATO!



WOW, THERE'S
EASY!



WHAT IS BLAZED?
HE'S MASKED! DROP
THAT MUSTER!









FOR SURE, THEY WERE UPON HIM....



THE BARON'S ASSISTANT SAID HE HAD HEARD
HIM USING EXACT WORDS WITH A PAPER LETTER
ON HIM! THAT THE BARON HAD SAID THAT
THE BARON HAD SAID THAT THE BARON
HAD SAID THAT THE BARON HAD SAID THAT
THE BARON HAD SAID THAT THE BARON
HAD SAID THAT THE BARON HAD SAID THAT

THE LONE RANGER the LAND DEALER



THAT WAVE WE SAW LIGHT UP THE SKY KEMO SABAY!

RIDE FOO IF TONTO! WE MAY BE ABLE TO HELP PUT IT OUT!

QUICKLY, THEY RACE UP TO THE NEWSPAPER BUILDING THAT STANDS ALONE, A MILE AWAY FROM TOWN...



SOMEONE STILL INSIDE!

I'M GOING IN AFTER HIM, TONTO!



NO KEMO SABAY! STAY BACK!

I MAY HAVE A CHANCE IF I KEEP LOW!



JUST A (COUGH! COUGH!) LITTLE FURTHER AND I CAN REACH HIM... IF THE FLAMES DON'T REACH US FIRST!



NEXT DAY...





AFTER TWO DOZEN LOTS ARE SOLD, THE SELLING SLOWS DOWN, WHEN....



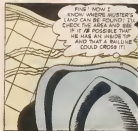
THAT NIGHT, AFTER TONTO TELLS WHAT HAPPENED, ...



FOR AN HOUR THEY REMAIN ALMOST ANONY-
LEGS AND THEN AT LAST



RIDING THROUGH THE WOODS BY MATCH-
LIGHT, THE LONG RANGER SUDDENLY HALTS...

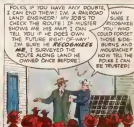


FINE! NOW I
KNOW WHERE MUSTER'S
LAND CAN BE FOUND! I'LL
CHECK THE AREA AND SEE
IF IT IS POSSIBLE THAT
HE HAS AN INSIDE UP
AND THAT A BALUNE
COULD CROSS IT!













Outlaws Outwitted



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Riding eastward through the hills, Marshal Steve Larrimore turned and stared behind him for the tenth time that afternoon. Outlined against the setting sun were the three riders who had been pursuing him all day.

Loosening in the saddle beside Steve, Rake Blanton grinned wickedly and tugged meaningfully at his ropes.

"Might as well untie me, and let me go, Marshal," sneered Rake. "Those are my boys back there. They'll never let you take me back to Carson City."

It was almost sunset and Steve was still twenty miles from Carson City, riding hard on Rake Blanton, the toughest gunslinger in the territory.

Blanton's gang was closing in. If they had their way, Steve would never live long enough to see his prisoner face the murder charge waiting for him back in Carson City.

All they had to do was wait until night-fall—and then close in. With three guns to

his one, Larrimore wouldn't have a prayer.

Just then Steve spotted the shack nestling in the hollow. Steve knew the place. It belonged to Dink Dover, an old prospector. Dink was seldom home this time of the year. Most likely he was out scouring the hills looking for a bonanza.

Steve spurred his horse into the shack yard. There was a load of firewood drying not far from the house. It looked like old Dink was getting set for the winter.

"You aiming to fort up in here?" sneered Rake. "Why, the boards in that shack wouldn't stop a pea-shooter."

Inside the shack he looked about him. The place was almost bare except for a few stencils, a coal-oil lamp on the table and a tin of coal oil in the corner of the room.

It was that five-gallon container of coal oil that gave Steve the big idea.

"All right, Rake, sit down on that chair."

Urged by Steve's gun, Rake sat down. In an instant Steve had him bound and gagged. Then the Marshal went to work. He grabbed the container of coal oil and headed out into the gathering night. He'd have to work fast. Blanton's boys would be there soon and he'd have to be ready for them.

When Larrimore's pursuers hit the yard of the prospector's shack the place was pitch dark. "We saw your horse, Larrimore," one of them shouted. "Come on out, or—"

At that instant a dark shadow detached itself from the woodpile and darted for the shack. It was Larrimore. Behind him the woodpile, soaked with coal oil, flared up into a huge bonfire.

For one long startled moment the three outlaws stared at the towering flames. That moment was enough for Larrimore.

His guns spoke once, twice, and yet again. His bullets disarmed Rake's men. Blinded by the flame they never even knew where the gunfire was coming from until it was too late.

As he herded Rake's men into the shack Steve said, "All right, men, you were lonely for Rake. Now, I reckon you can keep him company in the jail back at Carson City."

YOUNG HAWK

FOGITIVE FROM THE DEEP



LITTLE BROTHER, THE PET HAWK, LEAVES HIS PERCH ON THE MASTHEAD, CHATTERING NERVOUSLY.





THE WIND—
UGH!— WILL
RIP OUR SAIL—
IF WE DON'T
GET IT DOWN!



POOR LITTLE BROTHER!
YOU'RE SOAKED THROUGH—
AND IT'S GOING TO
GET WORSE!

CHERRAH!



YOUNG HARK—
THAT WAVE CREST—
IT WILL SURE US!

NO—WE'VE RIDDEN
THE OTHERS! WE'LL
ONLY GET A HITTING!

DRIVEN WESTWARD FOR DAYS BY THE
STORM, THE CANOE ENTERS CALMER SEAS
AND SIGHTS— THE ALASKA PENINSULA



LAND! LAND
TO THE NORTH
OF US!



LOOK! BIG FISH JUMPING!
THEY COVER THE SEA
AHEAD OF US!

THEY'RE
NOT FISH!

SUDDENLY THE CANOE IS IN THE MIDDLE OF A PACK OF KILLER WHALES, WHO ARE HARRASSING A SCHOOL OF DOLPHIN.



HOPING AGAINST HOPE TO REACH A VITAL SPOT, YOUNG HAWK THROWS A LONG ARROW INTO THE KILLER'S TOWERING BELLY.







AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE COVE, GREAT ROCKS STAND UP LIKE GIANT FINGERS—BUT THE DOLPHIN SWIMS BETWEEN TWO OF THEM





AS IF IN ANSWER, THE DOLPHIN RIDES WITH A SILVERY FISH IN ITS JAWS—BEFORE VANISHING FOREVER FROM THE SIGHT OF ITS HUMAN FRIENDS.



STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF AUGUST 24, 1913, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 13, 1960 (15 USC 228) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF THE LONE RANGER PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., for October 1, 1960.

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2. The owner is Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Estate of Margretta E. Delacorte, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the statements in the two paragraphs show the officer's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was 408,711.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

Signed to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1960

(Seal) JOHN C. WEIR,
(My Commission Expires March 30, 1962)

SWEAT LODGES



"EVERY INDIAN CAMP HAD A SWEAT LODGE. THE DOOR OF THE HIDE-COVERED, CONE-SHAPED HUT ALWAYS FACED EAST. THERE WAS A CIRCULAR PIT IN THE CENTER WHERE TOBACCO WAS BURNED, AFTER WHICH THE GRAVES PURIFIED THEMSELVES BY RUBBING ITS SMOKE OVER THEIR ARMS AND BODIES.



"THE PIPE WAS PURIFIED IN THE SACRED SMOKE AND RAISED TO THE SKY, EARTH AND FOUR CORNERS BEFORE BEING LIGHTED AND PUFFED BY EACH GRAVE.



"WHITE-HOT STONES WERE PUT IN THE PIT AND A BOWL OF WATER PASSED AROUND FOR THE GRAVES TO WET THEIR HEADS AND TAKE A LAST DRINK.



"THE DOOR TO THE LODGE WAS CLOSED AND IN FIFTH DARKNESS, WATER WAS POURED ON THE STONES. THE HEAT OF THE STEAM BECAME ALMOST UNBEARABLE.



"AFTER THE FOURTH STEAMING, THE DOOR WAS OPENED, AND THE GRAVES RUSHED OUT TO A STREAM TO COOL THEMSELVES IN THE ICE WATER."

This is a Beaverbear



A beaverbear is always hungry as a bear for chewy Kraft Caramels and busy as a beaver 'cause, while he's eating one Kraft Caramel he's unwrapping another.

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Caramels like
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